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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### CAPRICE.

Like the vessel under sail,  
Nought to guide her, rudder lost,  
Yea! by each capricious gale,  
On the wayward billows tost.  
On the thistle down that skims  
To and fro upon the breeze,  
Glancing in eccentric whims,  
Till no mortal hand can seize.  
So art thou, and ten times worse,  
In your slightest mind deranging,  
Twirling, twisting, shifting course,  
Only constant in its changing.

### SONG.

#### Air—Maggie Tawder.

My heart with thee forever true,  
Thy fortune's smiles may leave thee;  
My song shall cheer thy misery,  
When sorrow's keen may grieve thee—  
Then be thou true to me, my love,  
Where'er thou may'st wander,  
For faithful unto thee, my love,  
Will be thy poor Miranda.  
When evening over hill and dale  
Steals softly, silence bringing,  
And Philomel her nightly tale  
Unto the gale is singing:  
Then to the bowers, where oft we met,  
To think on thee I'll wander;  
Oh! never, never, dear forget  
Thy faithful poor Miranda.

SELM.

### CHRISTIAN HOPE.

O tell me not of mortal hopes and fears,  
When on the shores that bound this race of tears,  
The end is hovering. In that solemn hour,  
Ah! what is earthly pride, or earthly power?  
Then give me not the laurel's conqueror's crown,  
Then give me not the warrior's proud renown,  
What can those toys avail in life's decline,  
If all I cannot call a Saviour mine.  
Give me that hope to cheer life's fading even,  
Whose source is mercy, and whose object Heaven;  
That hope, which taught the martyr's soul to dare  
The most appalling form that death can wear,  
Taught him to pass, without a trembling heart,  
The line, where mortal and immortal part;  
Supplied his wishes, wiped his falling tears,  
Renewed his sorrows, and repelled his fears.  
With such a hope how calmly could I see  
All sinking, falling, but eternally;  
Smile to behold the light of life decay,  
And bless the hand that quenched its latent ray.

ARCOLO.

### THE FAITH OF ABRAHAM.

Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac,  
Whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah,  
And say there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.  
Gen. chap. 22. ver. 2.  
Slow roll'd the morning mist away,  
And richly glow'd the eastern sky,  
When distant far the Patriarch view'd,  
Moriah's lofty mountain arise.  
Beside him lay his little son, his boy,  
The child of promise, son of joy,  
Abraham beamed, with mournful eyes,  
The smiles of the unconscious boy,  
As gay he pluck'd the summer rose,  
And from its bosom brush'd the dew;  
Or laughing in his heart's delight,  
O'er the green meadows lightly flew.

The father sigh'd, and turn'd away,  
His nature pleas'd in his heart;  
But faith resumes its wonted way,  
And far his musing thoughts depart.  
'Tis my son, my only son,  
On whom my expectations rest;  
The child of Sarah, fondly lov'd,  
In whom all nations shall be blest.

Right now (wouldst thou suggest)  
If he to death becomes a prey;  
Not so the Patriarch, from his cry,  
"Thy God commands and I obey."

They reach Moriah's lofty height,  
The beautiful view in wonder cries,  
"My father, lo! the fire and wood,  
But where's the Lamb for sacrifice?"

A pang pervades the patriarch's heart,  
He strives a starting voice to hide,  
The work was past, he cries his son,  
God will himself a Lamb provide."

Firmly he builds the altar there,  
The wood is laid, his son is bound,  
The glittering knife is rais'd—when lo!  
A sudden glory shines around.

"Lay not thy hand upon the lad,  
(A voice in heavenly accents cries),  
For no—I know thee, my friend,  
Since thou hast not from sacrifice."

Behold thy son, thy only son—  
Abraham with wonder and delight,  
Looks up, and in the thicket near,  
A struggling Lamb appears in sight.

Did I not trust God would provide  
A Lamb, the faithful patriarch cries,  
And then with grateful joy I feel,  
He offered it for sacrifice.

While we applaud the patriarch's faith,  
Which did on Isaac's life rely,  
Let us with wonder and with love,  
Turn to the mount of Calvary.

There for our sins the Lamb of God,  
Endured reproach, contempt and pain;  
And wounds and love for rebels there,  
A spotless sacrifice was slain!  
God gave his son, his only son,  
For us to bleed by mortal hands,  
And still we murmur in vain,  
Our losses when he commands!

Ah! no! his faithfulness we'll trust,  
Nor wish, nor dare to disobey,  
For he who gave our dearest joy,  
Has surely right to take away.

ZILLAH.

## THE MORALIST.

### THE GRAVE.

Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error; covers every defect; extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regret and tender recollections; who can look down upon the grave even as an enemy, and not feel a compassion that, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him? But the grave of those he loved—what a place for meditation! Then it is we call up in review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavishing upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—then it is we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn and awful tenor of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all the stifled grief, its noiseless attendance, its mute watchful assidues; the last testimonies of expiring love; the feeble, fluttering, thrilling—Oh! how thrilling is the pressure of the hand; the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence; the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!—Aye, go to the grave of buried love and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past endowment ungrudging of that departed being who never—never—never can return to be soothed by contrition!—If thou art a child, and hast ever adored a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to the true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt be down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheeded groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

True piety and real devotion can only spring from a just knowledge of God and of ourselves; and the relation we stand in to him. For when we consider ourselves as the creatures of God; when we make for him, and upon all occasions, incapable of any happiness, but what results from his favour, and entirely dependent upon him for every thing we have and hope for; whilst we bear this thought in our mind, what can more prompt or induce us to love and fear, and trust him as our God, our Father, and all sufficient Friend and Helper?

Real piety looks up to God, sees, hears, feels him, in every event, in every vicissitude, in all paths, in all seasons, and upon all occasions. It is theory, vivified by experience. It is faith, substantiated by mental enjoyment. It is heaven transplanted into the human bosom. It is the radiance of the Divinity, warming and encircling man. It is spiritual sense, gratified by spiritual sensations. Without this all ceremonies are ineffectual. Books, prayers, sacraments, and meditations, are but a body without a soul, a statue without animation.

### FROM THE BOSTON EVENING BULLETIN.

[We know not—but we may safely place the following article to the credit of John Neal.]

### DR. FRANKLIN.

The leading property of Dr. Franklin's mind—great as it was—the faculty, which made him remarkable and set him apart from other men—his power of reasoning, in truth, of all his powers—was a good sense—only plain good sense—nothing more. He was not a man of Genius; there was no brilliance about him; little or no fervour; nothing like poetry, or eloquence; and yet—by the sole, untiring, continual operation of this humble unpretending quality of the mind, he came to do more in the world of science; more in council; more in the cabinets of Europe; more in the revolution of empires, (uneducated—or of education as we say,) than a hundred others might have done; rich with more genius, more fervour, more eloquence, and more brilliance.

He was born of English parents, in Boston, Massachusetts, New-England, about 1706, we believe. When a lad, he ran away to Philadelphia. After a long course of self denial, hardship, and wearying disappointment, which nothing but his frugal, temperate, courageous good sense carried him through, he got to be successful—a journeyman printer, (or pressman rather, on account of his great bodily strength)—in London printing office—editor and publisher at home in Philadelphia, of many papers, which had a prodigious influence over the temper of his countrymen; agent for certain colonies, to this government; an author of celebrity—a philosopher, whose reputation has gone over the whole of the learned world; a very able negotiator—a statesman—a minister plenipotentiary to France, of whose conduct, while the Bourbons were in their glory, by his great moderation, wisdom and republican address a treaty which enabled our thirteen colonies of North-America to laugh at the power of Great Britain, year after year, to scorn;—yes—and all these things, did Benjamin Franklin, by virtue alone, of his good common sense.

He died in 1790, "full of years and honors; the pride and glory of that empire, the very foundations of which he assisted in laying—the very corner stone of which he had helped into the appointed place, with his own powerful hands. He was one of the few—the priesthood of liberty—that stood up, undimmed, unmoved, while the ark of their salvation thundered and shook and lightened in their faces; putting all of them, their venerable hands upon it, nevertheless; and adding the issue, while the "DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE" went forth, like the noise of trumpets, to the four corners of the earth. He lived until he heard the warlike flourish echoing through all the great solitudes of America—the roar of battle, on every side of him—all Europe in commotion—her over-peopled empires riotous with a new spirit—his country quietly taking place among the nations. What more could he wish? nothing. It was time to give up the ghost.

He was a good man—and of course—a good man, we have but few things to lay, seriously to his charge—very few: and after all when we look about us, recollecting as we do the great good which he has done, EVERYWHERE; the little mischief that he has done—the less than little, that he ever meditated ANYWHERE—in all his life—to the cause of humanity—we have no heart to confess it—again to speak unkindly of him. The evil that Benjamin Franklin did, in the whole of his fourscore years, and upwards, of life, was in comparison with his good works, but as dust in the balance.—Blackwood's Edinb. Mag.

\*The very press, at which he worked, is now in possession of Messrs. Cox and Baily—Great Queen's Street, Lincoln's-Inn-fields—near the place where Dr. Franklin worked.

## DOMESTIC LIFE IN PERSIA.

The ladies of Persia are very ignorant. It is not customary to teach them even to read, and still less to sew. The exceptions to this rule are extremely rare. I should be greatly puzzled to describe their occupation until they become mothers. I know of none but the toilet, on which, though less complex than that of our ladies, they manage to spend as much time.

The remainder of the day they commonly spend seated on beautiful carpets opposite to a window, overlooking a fountain or piece of water. Here they smoke caillan, drink coffee, and pay or receive visits until the cool of evening, of which they immediately avail themselves to walk in the gardens without town where they frequently stay till night. The most mistaken nations prevail in Europe as to the degree of liberty enjoyed by the women of Persia; in no country with which I am acquainted are they more perfectly mistress of their actions.

I must add, that when they become mothers few fulfil the maternal duties so sedulously; they never suffer their children to be suckled, attended or educated by strangers; they keep them under their own immediate care and superintendence until the age of eleven or twelve, when the boys leave the harem to be circumcised, and girls to be married, given away, or sold.

There are few countries in which infants undergo such tortures as in Persia, in spite of which deformity is very rare. The moment an infant of either sex is born, it is plunged repeatedly into cold water; it is then enveloped in swaddling clothes, which are bound so tight as nearly to stifle it. It is then laid on a cradle; without any sort of mattress, the bottom of which is formed of leather, stretched like a drum, and perforated in order that no wet may accumulate. The unhappy babe is fastened down to this cradle with bandages of cotton about eight inches wide and from twenty five to thirty feet long, which are wound over the child and under the cradle.

They are in such a state of compression, that it is marvellous to me that one survives. Nevertheless in this state the unfortunate little creature remains twelve hours at a time. When it cries it is rocked, and the mother kneels before the cradle, which she draws towards her to give the child the breast. In this posture she remains till it falls asleep; but let what will happen, it is never freed from its bonds except morning and evening, and then only just long enough to change its linen.

*Yoyage en Perse par M. Gaspard Drouville.*

The philanthropist Mrs. Fry and Mr. J. J. Gurney have made a "Report to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland respecting their late visit to that country." They say

Abounding in gratitude as are the Irish, when justly and kindly treated, we presume it will be allowed that they are, in no common degree, alive to a sense of wrong—that when injured and deprived of their just rights, they have both the acuteness to discern it and the heart to feel it; and presently harbour a deeply rooted sentiment of dissatisfaction and revenge. We conceive that we should be stepping out of our true province were we to offer a direct opinion on that perplexing and agitating question—"Roman Catholic Emancipation;" but we trust we shall not offend the general sentiment, if we express of the general sentiment, that there never was a people in the management of whom a perfect equity and impartiality was more evidently requisite than the people of Ireland—that it is in the highest degree desirable that every class of the Kingdom should in that country should, so far as is consistent with the safety of the state, be allowed the exercise of the same civil rights—and that the less the distinction of religious opinions are insisted on and dragged to light, in connection with the civil powers of the country, the greater will be the probability of its being blessed with a state of permanent tranquility. We lament that constant agitation of this irritating subject, which keeps perpetually open the wounds of Ireland; and cordially do we wish, that through the means of reasonable concession on both sides, the question might be settled, and forgotten for ever.

They observe further—  
"Although in consequence of the disadvantages under which the country now labours, the population seems to be excessive, there is surely strong reason to believe that were the most made of the national resources, this apparent evil would cease."

This, indeed, was the most striking feature which the picture of Ireland presented to our view.—Scarcely any thing is made the most of. A fine and fruitful country is left in a state of partial and inadequate cultivation. A people gifted with an extraordinary degree of bodily strength, of mind, and evidently designed for an elevated place in the scale of nature, is to a great extent ignorant of its own wants; and is, therefore, so far from putting forth its powers, that it appears to rest contented with filth, rage, disorder, wretched accommodation, and very inferior diet."

### "I can quit when I choose."

These few words have perhaps, done more mischief in the world than can be conceived. You see, just entering the threshold of life with the bright anticipation of their friends, allured by the siren pleasure, with the sparkling cup in their hand, and the delicious idea of quitting when they please, at their feet, too often still the disagreeable monition of conscience and friends, with this sophistical and false consolation, "I can quit when I choose." Alas! link by link is the chain forging, which soon to bind such unfortunate youths, and bid defiance to the noblest resolutions. Too true was the assertion of Lord Bacon, that all the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property, as drunkenness. It expels reason, drowns the memory—the beggar's companion, and the true and only cause of the vast increase of crime in the world. There is certainly no character which appears so despicable as that of a drunkard; he displays every little spot in his soul in its utmost deformity. When once the youth becomes a devotee at the shrine of Bacchus, and fond of his libations, it is time for him to think. Let him not lull his conscience with the delusive idea of quitting when he chooses, but take a noble stand, and from that moment to cease indulging in his cup, and shun those cemeteries of morality and reputation with which our city un happily abounds. Drunkenness, that fell destroyer of mind and morals, has elected the exhortation of the preacher—the pen of the moralist—the warn of the physician—the pleadings of the wife and children with tears in their eyes—the remonstrances of the parent and the warning of the grave—but all will not do. It has reached an awful and alarming height—it daily increases. It is known to require an extraordinary and noble firmness of the heart to resist its blandishments and allurements. Is it then the temptation you are so easily to withstand, and the habit you are so "quit when you choose?" Ah! no—say dear young friends, hearken to my advice; when the seductive goblet is offered to your lips, think not you will once more sip the liquid poison because you "can quit when you choose," but consider that cup may probably be the one

that will establish that habit with you which you will never be able thereafter to conquer, and dash the proffered cup with indignation to the ground.

From a Paris paper.

## THE NATURE OF THE DOG.

A few days before the 9th Thermidor, a revolutionary tribunal in one of the departments of the north of France, condemned to death M. des R\*\*\*, an ancient Magistrate, and a most estimable man, gentle, at fifty leagues from Paris, of a conspiracy, which had not existed at St. Lazare. M. des R\*\*\* was a Water Spaniel, of ten or twelve years old of the small breed, which had been brought up by him, and never quitted him.

Des R\*\*\* in prison saw his family dispersed by a system of terror; some had taken flight; others, themselves arrested, were carried into distant goals; his domestics were dismissed; his house was buried in the solitude of the Seale; his friends either abandoned him, or concealed themselves; every thing in the world was silent to him except his dog. This faithful animal had refused admittance into the prison. He had waited for his master's house, and found it shut. He took refuge with a neighbour, who received him; but that posterity may judge soundly of the times in which we have existed, it must be added that this man received him trembling, in secret, and dreading less his humanity for an animal should conduct him to the scaffold. Every day, at the same hour, the dog left the house and went to the door of the prison. He was refused admittance, but he constantly brought back a morsel of food, which he gave to the dog, and he was allowed to enter. The dog saw his master. It was difficult to part them; but the gaoler carried him away, and the dog returned to his retreat. He came back the next morning, and every day; and once each day he was admitted. He licked the hand of his friend, looked at him licked his hand again, and went away of himself.

When the day of sentence arrived, notwithstanding the guard, he penetrated into the hall, and craved himself between the legs of the unhappy man, whom he was about to lose forever. The Judges condemned the man; and may his tears be pardoned for the expression, which escapes from them, they condemned him in the presence of his dog. They re-conducted him to the prison, and the dog from that time did not quit the door.

The fatal hour arrives; the prison opens; the unhappy man passes out; it is the dog that receives him at the threshold. He hangs upon his hand. Alas! that hand will not more be spread upon thy caressing head! He follows him. The axe falls, the master dies; and the tenderness of the dog cannot cease. The body is carried away; he walks at his side; the grave receives it; he lays himself upon the grave.

There he passed the first night; the next day, the second night. The neighbour, in the mean time, approached at the door, and risks himself, searching for the dog, guided by the noise of his fidelity the asylum he has chosen, finds him, caresses him, brings him back, and makes him eat. An hour afterwards, the dog escaped, and regained his favourite place. Three months passed away, each morning of which he came to seek his food, and then returned to the ashes of his master; but each day he was more sad, more meagre, more languishing, and it was plain that he was gradually reaching his end.—They endeavoured, by chaining him up to wear him out; but his fidelity the asylum he has chosen, finds him, caresses him, brings him back, and makes him eat. An hour afterwards, the dog escaped, and regained his favourite place. 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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CONJURERS.

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THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

SWAMP-MUCK AS A MANURE.

Mr. Patterson in your last publication,

a correspondent in New York state, requests

information respecting the use of swamp muck

as a manure, &c. from some farmer who has

been in the habit of making use of the same

in compliance with his wishes, and pleased with

the idea that the contents of the great

State, I inform, you that for many years I have

used meadow mud and peat mud, to fill up my

barren yard and my hog's yard; that mud is black

on the surface of the meadow about three or

four feet deep, more or less, with an under

layer of a brown color, about the same thickness,

down to the hard pan, exhibiting the undisturbed

remains of some coarse grass, the upper layer

is reckoned to be the best quality. We dig

clear down, and fill the yard with it dropping one

cart load close to another, so that after it has

been settled and upon a level, it lays about one

foot and a half all over the yard. This is done

in September or beginning of October, improv-

ing a dry spell, when the work can be per-

formed.

This done we let the mud lay in the yard un-

til the return of the following fall, and whilst

it remains there it is often ploughed and harrow-

ed, so as to lay it open to the benefit of the at-

mosphere, this cannot be done too often, and if

the harrow does not break the lumps sufficiently

fine, the hoe must be used, it is then carried

away to the land which is to require it the fol-

lowing season, and made up in heaps with alter-

nate layers of hog's mud, summer cattle ma-

nure, &c.

In April as soon as the weather becomes ge-

neral and warm, these heaps are shovelled over

and breaking the lumps carefully and mixing

with the mud, as it is shovelled over, unleas-

ed ashes, slacked lime if we have any, and as

great a proportion of the winter horse manure

as can be spared; this last ingredient in the

course of eight or ten days will generate in the

heaps the gentle heat of fermentation; the com-

post is then ready for use and good, and I have

found it to answer a valuable purpose for raising

a good crop of corn, also of barley, I have used

it to a very good purpose to raise ruta baga.

Grass seed I sow early in the fall after a crop of

barley, or of oats mowed for fodder, ploughing

the stubble in as soon after mowing as possible,

it will lay three weeks to give a chance

to the stubble to rot, then sow the seed on the

furrow, harrow and roll.

Mud used in this manner, is a valuable article

on warm loamy land, but it is indispensable to

bring it to a fermentation, as above described,

before it is used it develops its powers and

brings them into action; in its natural state I

conceive it to be inert and of little value.

AMERICAN TITLES.

Abroad, they have a notion that our titles are

hereditary, if nothing more; that a judge is only

a judge while in office, but after he is out of it,

and that all his boys are called judges; so

with our generals, and our excellencies, and our

honors. The following anecdote we have just

heard from the mouth of a friend of ours, who

though himself a general, has a very just idea

of the worth of a military title, in the household

business of life.—Yankee.

Cardinal Richelieu one day said to M. de Lort,

a celebrated physician, "I am grey-headed,

yet my beard is black. Your head is black, and

your beard grey; can you account for those ap-

pearances, doctor?" "Easily," replied de Lort;

"they proceed from excess from the labour of

the parts. Your Eminence's brains have laboured

hard, and so have my hair."

The Emperor of China is now in his sixth

year. In early life he was passionately fond of

martial exercises, archery, horsemanship, &c.

To increase his muscular strength, he took medi-

cal preparations, called "strengthening pills,"

which occasioned the loss of his teeth. He is

now tall, lank, hollow-cheeked, black-visaged, tooth-

less, and consequently prominent-chinned.

The following traditionary anecdote of Crom-

well is from the relation of an old man, who

had heard it repeated many times in his youth

by some ancient members of his family. During

the times of the commonwealth, there befel a

scarcity of corn in consequence of a short har-

THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

On MONDAY, the 7th of April, 1839, will be

Published, the First Number of a Daily

Evening Paper, under the above title.

It is intended to offer to the patronage of the public, a

newspaper, published daily, except on Sundays and

holidays, and guided by the laws of integrity and disinter-

estedness, by honorable men in the transaction of pe-

rietary life, with, without exception, the most judicious

and subjects within its scope, shall treat with due respect the

opinions and feelings of all its readers, and shall be

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Wanted water proof boots and shoes.

THE undersigned, respectfully informs his friends and the

public in general, that he has commenced manufac-

turing Water Proof Boots and Shoes of different qualities on

reasonable terms as they can be had in the city of Philadel-

phia.

JOB W. FOLWELL, Agent,